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1893-07-23

1893 July 23 JM to daughters p1

John Muir

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THE ROYAL ROUTE.



Steamship "Chevalier"

New Year July ^[23] 1893

Hello Helen & Wanda

My two darling babies, I am on
a steamboat sailing down through
the midst of beautiful islands
along the coast of Scotland on
my way to Glasgow & Edinburgh.
You can see the brown heather
on the hills & the sheep scattered
about like white dots. It is all
beautiful hereabouts like the
coast of Alaska only there
are very few trees, all the hills
& mountains are green & brown
with grass & bushes & heather.

The heather where it is thickest
makes the brownish patches

The heather is a good deal like
Cassiope, a small shrub tuft
& dense & makes delightful
fragrant beds for Highlanders
& all lovers of fresh flowery
breezy wildness. I have not
yet climbed the Scotch hills
to find out much about heather
I have seen two species, the
bell & the common kind.

It seldom grows higher than
a foot or so, two feet at most
It is very hardy though so lowly
& will endure any amount

of trampling nibbling & burning
The sheep eat it, & heather nutt

may well be the best -

THE ROYAL ROUTE.



Steamship "Chevalier."

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O how I would like to camp
out in these shaggy hills
but I must make haste
to get back to my babies.
I have to go to Norway
a week or two & then
to Switzerland & the time
flies fast. The steamer
shakes so much with
the machinery I can hardly
write.

It is a cloudy day & showery
at times but the sun just
now is streaming so mellow

light through shifting
openings & making many
a bright golden patch on
the green brown hills.
& the water sparkles &
glints & shines like silver

I must go on haste
we change steamers

Love ever my darlings

Your loving father

John Miller